

for my world, I am jealous
of its
claims*

Sumitra

No, King, I have my place in
your
heart, as your beloved, and
in your
world, as your Queen.

Vikram

Alas, my darling, where
have van-
ished those days of
unalloyed joy,
when we first met in love;
when our
world awoke not,—only the
flush of
the early dawn of our union
broke
through our hearts in
overflowing
silence ? You had sweet
shyness in
your eyelids, like a dew-drop
on the
tip of a flower-petal, and the
smile
flickered on your lips like a
timid
evening lamp in the breeze. I
re-
member the eager embrace
of your
love, when the morning broke
and we
had to part, and your
unwilling steps,
heavy with languor, that
took you